

## Herb Alpert

### "Mame"

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You coax the blues right out of the horn, Mame,

You charm the husk right off of the corn, Mame,

You've got the banjos strummin' and plunkin' out a  
tune to beat the band,

The whole plantation's hummin' since you brought Dixie  
back to Dixieland.

You make the cotton easy to pick, Mame.

You give my old mint julep a kick, Mame.

You make the old magnolia tree, blossom at the  
mention of your name.

You've made us feel alive again, you've given us the  
drive again.

You make the south revive again, Mame.

You've brought the cake-walk back into style, Mame.

You make the weepin' willow tree smile, Mame.

Your skin is Dixie satin, there's rebel in your manner  
and your speech.

You may be from Manhattan but Georgia never had a  
sweeter peach.

You make our black-eyed peas and our grits Mame

Seem like the Sill of Fare at the Ritz, Mame.

You came, you saw, you conquered and absolutely  
nothing is the same.

Your special fascination'll, prove to be inspirational,

We think you're just sensational Mame.

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